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Department Store

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Best Native Jeweler and Engraver in Alaska Employed for This Department of the Store
Curios, Souvenirs, Postals, Stationery, Books
and Periodicals, Cigars and
Tobaccos

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Local Agent for Eastman Kodak Co., Victor Talking Machine Co.,
Washington and Mayer Shoes—the best all around line of Shoes
in Alaska,—Amazon Hip Rubbers—the best yet, good looking and
strong and guaranteed,—Finck's Overalls, Bridge & Beach Stoves,
Ivy Flour—"it clings like the ivy"—once tried, always used.

AGENT FOR ALL ALASKA FOR
THE CELEBRATED KEYSTONE LUBRICATING GREASE

Use Density No. 6 in place of engine and general machinery oil. It will save you 50 per cent.
Net prices on wholesale lots of 400 pounds quoted f. o. b. factory

Furs Purchased at Highest Prices

Direct connections with manufacturers on the Pacific Coast enable us to offer prices
that will beat the Eastern and European markets. Don't ship your mink, marten,
fox or otter skins, but sell them for better prices, here, and support the home trade.

Forwarding by steamers and canoes. Contracts for canoes on the Stikine. Reliable informa-
tion to big game hunters, prospectors and tourists a specialty.

Farquhar Matheson

Successor to F. W. CARLYON
General Merchant and Forwarding Agent

CLEAN UP YOUR PREMISES

Health Officer Hughes has, during the
past week, posted in conspicuous places
about town a notice warning the citizens
to clean up their premises and refrain
from dumping garbage and other filthy
substances where it will endanger the
public health.

This is a move in the right direction,
and should meet the approval and co-
operation of every resident of Wrangell for
various reasons. The main objection to
the promiscuous dumping of garbage in
the streets and other public places is the
attendant danger of breeding contagion.
Warm weather, such as we have been
enjoying for the past two weeks, is an
admirable time for the incubation of the
germs of disease, and everybody should
lend a willing hand in helping to reduce
this danger to a minimum.

Another reason why the town should
be kept clean is on account of the im-
pression which it will create in the
minds of people coming in from other
places. And in this connection we may
say that garbage is not the only thing
that will leave a bad impression upon
outsiders; but there are a number of
old and vacant ramshackle buildings in
town which look very bad, and which
would make excellent conductors of fire
from one good building to another. They
should all be condemned as "fire-traps"
and torn down.

"Eternal vigilance is the price of safety."
"An ounce of prevention is worth
a pound of cure." "A stitch in time,
saves nine." "Cleanliness is next to
Godliness." Clean up your rubbish and
tear down your fire-traps.

RASTAD-HOFSTAD

Married—At the residence of Capt.
and Mrs. Edwin Hofstad, Wrangell,
April 26, 1907, Rev. H. P. Corser officiat-
ing, Capt. A. K. Rastad and Miss
Elise Hofstad, two of Wrangell's most
estimable young people. The wedding
was a very quiet affair, only the relatives
and very close friends attending the
ceremony. They at once began
housekeeping at the home prepared in
advance by the captain. SENTINEL joins
with the many friends of this worthy
couple in wishing them a long and
happy life.

ELECTION NECESSARY

At the March meeting of the Wrangell
Public School Board, the resignation of
H. C. DeVigne as a member of the
board was read, but not accepted. The
resignation was again presented to the
new board at the April meeting, which
was held Monday evening last, and ac-
cepted. This resignation causes a vacan-
cy on the school board, which it will
be necessary to fill by a special election.

Some of these fine days, unless there
is a change made, the news will go out
to the world that some boy or boys have
been drowned while playing on the logs
at the sawmill. One day last week this
writer counted thirteen boys, ranging in
age from six to fifteen years of age, run-
ning and chasing each other around on
the floating logs, and one boy, slipping
over a freshly-peeled log, was plunged
over his depth into the water. This
item is published as a warning, and we
trust it will be construed in that spirit,
rather than an attempt to "call down"
the boys who play on those logs or the
parents who allow them to do so.

An item from Tacoma to the P.-I. of
April 27, says: "J. G. Morrison, of
Wrangell, Alaska, arrived in the city
last evening to find his 2 year-old daugh-
ter dead and two young sons ill from
ptomaine poisoning. The three children
were taken violently ill several days ago
and attending physicians at the hospital
pronounced the trouble to be ptomaine
poisoning, but the treatment according
to that diagnosis was too late to save the
life of the little girl. The condition of
the two boys is critical, but the doctors
believe they will recover. The children
are supposed to have been poisoned by
eating cheap candy."

Mr. Ryus, senior member of the Ryus
Drug Co., Ketchikan, was up to Peters-
burg last week to perfect arrangements
for establishing a drug store at that
place. He stopped off at Wrangell for a
few days on his return, and having once
been a "devil," called in to have a chat
with the printer. Mr. Ryus is a very
pleasant old gentleman and a survivor
of the war which saved the Union from
disruption, and we enjoyed an hour or
more swapping war stories with him—he
of the country's dark days and we of
the late unpleasantness.

Last week one of the big scows of the
Alaska Packers was towed over to the
sawmill and loaded with over 30,000 feet
of lumber for the government road at
Cholmondeley Sound. The balance of
the order will go shortly.

Geo. Card has, during the past week,
fitted up and re-caulked the little steam-
boat Gleason, and the little craft will
be added to the fleet of "stitch" vessels in
the harbor.

THE CITY STORE

Donald Sinclair, Proprietor

We Sell the
Dougherty Fittman
Shoe Co.'s

SHOES

The BEST of the Good Ones



Ladies' Shoes
Gent's "
Boys' "
Misses' "
Children's "

We have just received a shipment of the complete stock that ever arrived in Wrangell. Log-
ging Shoes, Work Shoes, Dress Shoes, School Shoes.

St. Michael Trading Company

New Spring Goods Are Arriving Continually
Oil Clothes—Cannery Supplies

Large Assortment Ladies' Suiting and White Goods

Tin Shop in Connection

Camp Stoves, Heaters and Gasoline Tanks Made to Order

Odd Jobs on Short Notice

Sole Agents for Chase & Sanborn Coffee and Hercules Powder

Local and General

The Wrangell Drug Co.

Traders and Trappers: Louis Levi
pays highest prices for furs. Call at
Donald Sinclair's store.

Wrangell needs a dentist.

Rev. Corser went to Petersburg on the
Seattle

Peter Sommers of Petersburg was in
town last week.

Mr. Monroe left on the Humboldt for
a spin to Victoria.

F. Matheson left on the Humboldt for
a business trip below.

Commencing May 1, all Wrangell
stores will be closed on Sundays.

Our gardeners are planting their pot-
atoes and other early truck.

G. B. Jacobson, as jolly as ever, was
in from Petersburg last week.

Jack Collins gave his launch a trial
spin Monday, and she gets there in good
shape.

Erik Peterson last week sold a valu-
able piece of property in Petersburg to
John Hadlan.

A social hop was given by the Red
Men at their hall, last Friday night, and
was highly enjoyed.

The Ella Rohlfis arrived in from the
West Coast, Monday night, leaving for
the return, Tuesday morning.

It is said that our old friend "Coal Oil
Johnny" has conceded the point that
he must become an angel soon, and to
that end has made his will. It is sup-
posed that the bulk of his fortune will
be left to his son.

Council meeting tonight.

Among the week's arrivals is our good
friend, Frank Healy, who arrived up on
the cannery ship to occupy the book-
keeper's desk for the season. Frank
has a few more gray hairs, but looks as
well as of old.

Uncle John Findlayson is over ninety-
two years old, yet his intention is to go
by first boat to Telegraph Creek and
hit the trail for his claims in Cassiar—a
task that would daunt many a younger
man.

J. H. Hoeppel, one of the operators at
the local cable office, Tuesday received
orders transferring him to the office at
Seattle. He will probably leave on the
first Humboldt.

Geo. Stork came in Tuesday from an
extended trapping trip to the south end
of this island. He brought in one lynx,
several mink, a bushel of fine clams and
Jack Mantle.

Rev. Thomas Jenkins stopped off at
Wrangell on his return from Juneau to
Ketchikan last week, and conducted the
services at St. Philip's church, Sunday.

"Chips" Cole left on the Seattle to
do some carpenter work on that vessel.
He has just completed a handsome in-
laid table top for Capt. O'Brien.

Decoration Day comes at the last of
the present month, and if Wrangell will
observe the day fittingly, it is time now
to begin getting ready.

It is said that Gab. Irving of Ketchi-
kan has remodeled the launch Solace,
which he bought here some time ago,
and now values her at \$1,600.

John C. Olsen came up from Ketchi-
kan on the Cottage City and has gone
out to take up his old work at Woodsy
for the Olympic.

The strike at Treadwell has been de-
clared off, the demand of the miners
for a board allowance having been ac-
cended to by the management.

The cross-head of the engine at the
electric light station broke, last week,
and the town will be in darkness until
it is repaired.

There were eight "drummers" in town
at one time last week, a sure sign that
there was "something doing" in com-
mercial circles.

The sawmill which burned at Port
Blakely, Wash., last week, was said to
be the largest lumbering mill in the
world.

The steamer challenge is expected up
from Ketchikan next Monday or Tues-
day on her way to Klawak to take up
her season's work.

In speaking of a recital given recently
at Dallas, Oregon, the Observer says:
"Frank Snyder assisted in the recital
and held the audience spellbound by his
splendid baritone voice. He sang the
Toreador's Love Song, and in response
to a hearty encore sang "Benedict's Invo-
cation to Mars." Mr. Snyder is one of
the most gifted singers that has ever ap-
peared before a Dallas audience and
fully justified the expectations of his
boyhood friends."

Robert Reid returned on the Seattle
from his winter's visit to the east and
Canada. He has been having a severe
case of the grippe for the past six or
eight weeks, and does not look as well
as usual, although he reports a pleasant
visit. Mrs. Reid will be up after a few
weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Rasmus Engle of Peters-
burg were arrested last week on a com-
plaint charging them with threatening
to do injury to Peter Sommers; but the
evidence being insufficient to bind them
over, they were discharged. They re-
turned home Saturday.

The ship Star of Bengal arrived at the
A. P. A. Point Highfield cannery at 7:00
a. m., Monday, having a crew of nine-
teen and bringing 103 Chinese and Jap-
anese and the season's supplies. She
made the trip from San Francisco in the
good time of fourteen days.

The Seattle laid at the Wrangell dock
eight hours waiting for tide on her last
trip north. We enjoy having these ves-
sels with us, but it would stimulate
business if a channel were dredged in
Dry Straits, so all steamers could keep
going, regardless of tide.

The April number of the Alaska
Monthly Magazine has reached our ta-
ble, and is a very creditable number. It
is a special Skagway edition, containing
many articles and fine views describing
the resources of that section.

A little boy was sent down town the
other day for a dollar's worth of Postum
Cereal, but it seemed he did not under-
stand his mother, for he asked the clerk
in the grocery store for a dollar's worth
of "pothole material."

Mr. J. Babler, superintendent of the
A. P. A. cannery, arrived up on the
Humboldt and has gone to work getting
things in readiness for this season's run.
Mr. Babler is the picture of health and
is feeling well.

A petition will tonight be presented to
the council, asking that an investigation
be made of the skin affection of Sing
Lee and his adopted son Sammy. The
petition is indignantly signed.

Sunday night a big raft of edgings
from the sawmill broke up along the
beach in the west end of town, and the
denizens of that neighborhood were out
at an early hour sorting them over for
wood. After picking up enough wood
to last him a year, Philip Haught was
ungrateful enough to complain about
the disorderly way the edgings were
piled at the mill.

Adjutant Robert Smith and family re-
turned home on the Cottage City from
their extended visit to Victoria and
other Sound points. They report a very
enjoyable trip. The family will soon
remove to their new home on the hill
near St. Philip's church.

John Hadlan of Petersburg recently
received intelligence of the death of his
wife, which occurred at Crystal Springs
Sanatorium, Portland, Or., on April 7.



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20 EAST 16TH STREET
NEW YORK CITY

ESTABLISHED 1861

Highest Market Prices

No Commission Charged

We pay Express Charges unless
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IT IS ALSO VERY SIMPLE, and if
you are interested in saving money, write to us
about our system of banking by mail, and we will
send you a booklet regarding our Savings Depart-
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DEXTER HORTON & CO., BANKERS

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, \$1,000,000

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THE OLDEST BANK IN WASHINGTON

Wrangell Marble

.... Works

Keep in stock a fine line of mon-
uments and slabs manufactured
from the best product of the

Ham Island Marble Quarry

Stones securely crated for ship-
ping to all points in Alaska.

Lowery & Woodbridge

WRANGELL, ALASKA

Do not buy an Expert-
ment—Buy a
Little Giant
BEST BY TEST
RELIABLE
REVERSIBLE
TWO-CYCLE
Simple and easy to operate,
only three moving parts, no
valves, valves or springs—noth-
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bearings lubricated. Workman-
ship and material of the high-
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Jump spark ignition. Not
heavy nor cumbersome. Mod-
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SAM CUNNINGHAM, Agent
Wrangell, Alaska

The Hudson's Bay Co's. Steamer HAZELTON

Will leave Wrangell, Alaska, for Telegraph Creek, B. C., and
way points along the Stikine River, on or about

MAY 20, 1907

offering finest accommodations for tourists and hunters.

For rates and other particulars, address

G. LOCKERBY, Purser,
J. P. BUCEY, Master. Wrangell, Alaska

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Alaska Sentinel.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

WRANGLER.....ALASKA.

Naturally a man would rather part his hair than part with it.

After hearing some men talk you are surprised at the small hats they wear.

Russia has had an earthquake, but it failed to shake any of the grand dukes loose.

Always be polite to everybody. But don't let that interfere with your getting your fair share.

The blood-is-thicker-than-water sentiment doesn't seem to appeal very strongly to Englishmen of the Swettenham-Sir Alfred Jones type.

Dr. Wiley says cold meat isn't good after three months. Some of the cold meat served at boarding-houses doesn't taste good after three days.

The man who says blondes will disappear in 800 years has perhaps overlooked the fact that the drug stores expect to be working right along.

A bank is now issuing \$25 bills, but as they will be just as scarce as all other kinds, the change does not appeal to the average bread-winner.

A western political club is said to have adopted the strawberry as its emblem. Then the members ought to know each other by their strawberry marks.

It may be true, as scientists allege, that the man of the future will be taller. But the man of the present who dabbles in futures usually finds himself shorter.

Germany is becoming aroused to the necessity of putting a stop to robberies on railway trains. Is the train boy equally practical and unconscionable over there?

Some of the people of Porto Rico are talking of "winning liberty with sword and gun from the servitude imposed by the United States." It may be necessary for Taft to pack his grip again.

The secret of Senator Beveridge's great interest in children has been discovered. Somebody who has been digging into his record has found that Mr. Beveridge was once a child himself.

The Chicago university is said to have received from Mr. Rockefeller, in round numbers, about \$19,000,000. The least it can do to show its gratitude is to discover an efficient hair restorer.

The circus freaks are reported to be forming a union. The word "circus" will, of course, bar from membership a good many people who are going up and down this country posing as reformers.

British merchants propose to demand indemnities for the losses they expect to sustain through the suppression of the opium traffic in China. The British merchant continues to regard it as an outrage when an uplift of any kind interferes with his profits.

A committee of English and American admirers of the poets Keats and Shelley have purchased the house in Rome in which Keats died, in 1821. Shelley, who occupied a house opposite, was drowned in 1822. It is planned to make the Keats house a memorial of the two poets, and to gather in it a collection of books, manuscripts and portraits relating to them and their works. The memorial association also purposes assuming the care of the graves of the poets at the Protestant cemetery in Rome.

The proposition of President McCrea to increase the age at which men may enter the employment of the Pennsylvania railroad to 45 years is recognized as the result of the scarcity of labor. It would be correct to recognize that the scarcity is in its ratio to the demand. There are more laborers, skilled and unskilled, in the country than ever before, but the demand for their services has increased in greater proportion than the supply. We need not claim that there is not much improvement yet to be sought. But it is certainly the historical fact that the competitive era has, as one of its chief results, wrought an immense improvement in the compensation of labor and its industrial liberty.

Someone, discussing the ways of women in business recently, says a partial explanation of their success in many callings is due to their thinking they are still on trial, which leads them to take a great deal more pains to please their patrons than do men engaged in the same kind of work. To a certain extent this may be true; that is, women do feel that they are still serving an apprenticeship in undertaking work that has been the exclusive field of men for generations. But as women have been housekeepers since the world began and as they are as faithful and steadfast in this profession in the present time as they were centuries ago it seems safe to argue that a similar thing may be said of them years hence in commenting on their success in business.

Alfred Mosely, the English philanthropist, is a warm friend of America. He has shown his appreciation of this country in a number of convincing

ways. He has sent several special commissions across the water in order that England might be improved by reason of the advances made in America. He has given added impetus to the schools of England by sending many teachers to the United States to observe and learn. He himself has studied this country from many points of view, and studied it not from the standpoint of a hostile critic but from that of one who seeks to know in order to improve himself. For these reasons the opinions of Mr. Mosely are entitled to great respect, and when he expresses his belief that the high standard of living is a real peril to America it is worth while to consider the subject. This high living often approaches ruthless extravagance, he says, the luxuries of yesterday being counted the necessities of to-day. A reaction is bound to come, and when it does it will be attended by disaster. No one can doubt that Americans, as a rule, live well. But they can afford to. Some of them are spending all they make, some more than they make, but others have accounts in the savings banks to show that they are not un mindful of the possible "rainy day" ahead of them. There are some features of present American social conditions which are distinctly gratifying and which are working directly against the dangers which appear on the surface when a foreigner looks at some particular phase of life. The danger from the high living does not seem so important as the other suggestion that American prosperity is leading to inefficiency and corruption. "In bygone years," Mr. Mosely notes, "one was impressed with the thorough way in which everything was done and every detail thought out, but the same is not true to-day. On the contrary, there are signs that everything is becoming slipshod. Work is inefficiently done and badly finished." That is a common charge brought by foreigners against American methods. It is said that we do not build for all time but for a few years only. It is said that our products are not comparable for nicety and precision with the output of the manufacturing establishments of the old world. We have been fairly content with the results when American made goods have come into competition with those of other nations, and yet even this good record should not blind us if there is such a marked deterioration in workmanship that it is noticed by a careful observer. Mr. Mosely thinks everything overdone and overcrowded. Everybody appears to be in too great a hurry, so that in the race for success and wealth many of the former good characteristics of the country are disappearing. But the same things have been noted by travelers for a hundred years. Americans have always been in a hurry.



Diphtheria.

A few years ago this was one of the most fatal of the diseases of childhood, and was frequently the cause of death in adults as well, but to-day, thanks to the discovery of antitoxin, it has been shorn of many of its terrors, although it is still a disease to be dreaded. In the early days from one-quarter to one-third of those attacked died, but now the mortality has fallen to one in ten. The first sign of the disease is usually a sore throat, although this symptom may be preceded for a short time by a slight fever, headache and general lassitude. The mucous membrane of the throat is first reddish and swollen, or it may be paler than usual, but in a few hours, or sometimes a day or two, whitish specks appear on the tonsils or the palate. These specks soon increase in extent, and form a membrane covering a greater or lesser area.

The throat alone may be affected. This constitutes the mildest form. Again, the inflammation with the formation of membrane may extend to the nostrils or to the larynx. The parts beneath the membrane are swollen, sometimes enormously, and an abundant discharge covers all the surface. Any of the mucous membranes of the body may be affected, but the parts mentioned are those which are most commonly attacked.

At the same time with the formation of membrane general symptoms occur, showing that the poison absorbed into the blood stream has caused serious changes in the blood and nervous system. A special danger in diphtheria is heart failure. The poison of the disease seems to have a special affinity for the heart.

A common sequel of diphtheria is a temporary paralysis, involving first the soft palate. Generally it goes no further, but it may attack the arms or legs, or any of the muscles in the body. The usual treatment of diphtheria is by the injection of antitoxin. In addition to this, measures have to be taken to prevent failure of the heart and to keep up the general strength. When the disease involves the larynx, death may threaten through choking, and in this case it is necessary to insert a tube between the vocal cords to allow the patient to breathe.—Youth's Companion.

A pleasing conversationalist is a person who talks to you about yourself.

SOUTHWEST AND NORTHWEST.

Where the Greatest Railroad Building Is Now Going On.

The Southwest vies with the Canadian Northwest as a region of development. A quarter of the railroad trackage laid in the entire country last year was laid in the Southwest, says the New York Tribune. Texas led with 701 miles of new track, nearly an eighth of the total of the country, and Texas now leads the States in the country in railway mileage, Illinois having been the leading State up to 1905. In Louisiana 391 miles were laid in 1906. The other Southwestern States and Territories made great gains. Immigration thither is extensive. B. F. Yoakum of the Rock Island Railway says that 10,000 immigrants to the Southwest pass through St. Louis weekly, and other thousands enter by way of Kansas City, Memphis and New Orleans. He predicts that the census of 1910 will show a growth in ten years of 50 per cent in the rural population of Missouri, Arkansas, Kansas and Texas, and 100 per cent in Oklahoma and Indian Territory. These are desirable immigrants, Americans, tillers of the soil from the older States of the East and Middle West, who prefer the attractions of the South to those across the border in Canada. The St. Louis Globe-Democrat calls attention to the fact that in 1900 the center of the cotton crop was in western Mississippi, while now it is probably west of the Mississippi River. Texas raised a third of last year's crop. The making of Oklahoma and Indian Territory into a State has been, says the Globe-Democrat, a great advertisement for the whole "empire of the Southwest."

The Canadian Northwest is also entitled to its boast. There are a fuel famine and a railroad congestion there, as there are south of the border. The railroad building has not caught up with the growing population. A correspondent of the Toronto Globe writes: "The plain truth is that the expansion of the West has proceeded on a scale more huge than even the most advanced optimist had expected, and all arrangements have fallen short of the necessities. In the export cattle trade alone there has been an increase of 80 per cent, the 20,000 head of last year having been increased this year to 90,000. The growth of population has meant an enormous increase in traffic in supplies and in the handling of settlers' effects. Considerably over 100,000 people have come into the province during the year from other lands, and in addition many have moved from the older sections of Manitoba to the still cheaper land in the western provinces." Cities and towns have sprung up so rapidly and grown so fast that those having a population of more than 1,000 each had a total population in 1901 of 82,710 and they have now a total of 192,978. The increased price of agricultural products is sending people in hundreds of thousands to the fertile and only partly developed regions of the continent.

FAST IMPORT OF DIAMONDS.

One Billion Dollars of the Gems Now Owned in This Country.

Upward of \$13,000,000 has been paid for diamonds and other precious stones imported at New York in the year recently ended, as shown by figures compiled by the customs authorities. This total exceeds that of the last calendar year by \$6,000,000 and that of two years ago by \$17,000,000. In 1900 the valuation was about one-quarter of what it is this year, the greatest in the history of the business. The record imports were possible because of the general prosperity.

Since 1868, when the first gem was exported from the Cape of Good Hope, the United States has paid about \$325,000,000 for diamonds, or one-half the amount which South Africa has obtained for its entire supply of precious stones the world over. The figures represent what the importers pay and, according to the trade, the public pays twice as much.

Taking into account that the value of diamonds has been going up steadily, being now about 200 per cent higher than eight years ago, some dealers say that the gems brought into this country in the thirty-eight years must now be worth more than \$1,000,000,000. Nearly all the gems are in existence, as the percentage of loss is so small as to be unimportant.

The diamond-cutting industry in New York employs 500 men, who cut about \$11,000,000 worth of gems this year. An officer of the Diamond Manufacturers' Association said yesterday that New York cuts as much of the best grades of rough stones as all the rest of the world and the finished gems turned out in this city in the larger sizes are of a higher average quality than those cut in any other city.—New York Times.

Fertility of Cuban Soil.

Cuban soil is so fertile that at the present time the cane field is planted only about once in ten years. Experienced American growers say that there is no necessity to plant more than once if care is taken in cutting the cane at harvest time not to pull up any of the roots, as the new cane will immediately sprout from these. Ten tons of cane produce one ton of sugar if treated by the latest mechanical processes. A plantation of 1,000 acres may yield 3,000 tons of sugar under fairly favorable conditions.

A Good Listener.

Patience—Isn't she a poor listener? Patrice—Why, no; she loves to hear herself talk.—Yonkers Statesman.

Some people's excuse for making bad breaks is that it's never too late to mend.

THE WEALTH OF POVERTY.

Wealth bides with poverty. The wilding rose,
Or little violet nestling by the stream,
'Tis these that set the gazing eyes a-dream,
Not all the beauties of the garden-close.
'Tis not in mighty tempest where it blows,
Nor in the sea that shouts to cloud and sail,
That music lives, but in the nightingale,
The wee, brown bird that sings at dusk its woe.

Yes, and the crowns of happiness and love,
Grace not the troubled brows of king and queen;
But, Fate's free gifts, they deck the hearts that move
In lowly state amid the quiet scene.
'Tis not rich Croesus, owner of the sod,
But passing beggar hath the peace of God!
—Munsey's Magazine.

A TRUE-LOVER'S KNOT

"Do have some more tea," urged the Flapper.

"Not any, thank you," responded young Harrington stiffly, and he put down his cup with a clatter of finality.

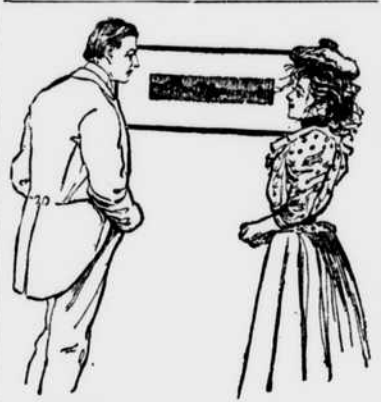
"Then won't you have—have another cake? You haven't tried one of these little pink ones with cherries on the top. They're awfully nice. Hazel made them—"

Young Harrington's face darkened.

"I won't have any more, thanks," he enunciated, with great distinctness. "And I'm afraid I must really be—"

"Oh, don't go yet!" pleaded the Flapper.

He shot a glance of unconcealed dislike at her; it took in the rough mane of hair beneath her tam-o'-shanter, her



short and mud-spattered skirt, the hockey-boots whose laces always seemed to be coming untied. It was almost incredible that this girl should be own sister to his dainty Hazel, and yet—better an unattractive hoyden than a heartless coquette.

"Hazel will be sorry to have missed you. I can't think what can have kept her—"

Young Harrington laughed, the short, cynical laugh of disillusioned twenty-three.

In his ears rang the warning of a man quite two years older than himself.

"Don't you get let in for making a fool of yourself over that girl. Very pretty, very charming, but she's an absolutely hardened flirt! I'll tell you the kind of thing she'll do—encourage a fellow up to the top of his bent, say he may call, fix a day even, and then, when he turns up she's out, if you please, and he's left to have tea with that leggy tomboy of a sister."

Young Harrington had not been unpleased with this report.

Morton, the "fellow" in question, was scarcely a man one would wish "encouraged" by Hazel; he had probably brought the significant slight upon himself. But Ted Harrington, without undue conceit, had hoped for a very different sort of reception.

But now—!

He glanced at the clock.

"It is an hour and a half," he observed icily, "after the time your sister said she would be at home. However, it doesn't matter in the least. Will you say good-by to her for me? I shall be going back North to-morrow."

He rose and held out his hand.

"Where—whereabouts in the North?" inquired the Flapper, as it were with a feverish interest.

Was the girl making fun of him?

"Newcastle," he answered curtly.

"Oh, yes, they take coals there, or something, don't they?" responded the Flapper, with an odd, hysterical sounding tremble in her voice.

Yes. She was laughing at him. She was in this arranged scheme to make a fool of him.

"Good-by," he said, without looking at her. "I have to get back now—to—to pack."

"I'll come with you to the gate," gasped the Flapper hurriedly. "I mean I'll show you the short cut through the orchard. Wait one second while I tie up my boot lace—"

She stooped with one of her coquish, angular movements.

"Let me do it," suggested young Harrington, icily polite.

"Oh, no!" protested the Flapper. Her mane of hair fell forward over her hands. "I can do it. I want to tie the knot my sailor-cousin showed me." She fumbled busily. "There!"

As she rose young Harrington took a step forward to the door, stumbled, and almost fell.

"What—"

"Oh!" exclaimed the Flapper, in accents of despair. "I am so frightfully sorry. I've seen what I've done! I've

WHIST CHAMPION DENOUNCES GAME.



MRS. A. B. SIMS.

Mrs. A. B. Sims, prominent in Des Moines society and holder of the national whist championship, created a sensation in a Des Moines church recently by denouncing bridge whist and dancing and asserting her intention of never touching cards again.

During a series of services at the University place Church of Christ, conducted by an evangelist, the sins of society were touched on. One evening he spoke of the evil of card playing and dancing and at the close of the sermon, before an audience of 1,200 persons, Mrs. Sims arose and made her unexpected denunciation of the two amusements.

"I wish to state publicly," she said, "that I never will touch cards again. My conclusion has been reached deliberately, and I have come to see the evil of card playing, especially in social circles. Nothing but harm can come from it. I care nothing for the honors I have won at the game and will abandon the cards without regret."

Mrs. Sims won the national championship loving cup at the whist tournament in St. Louis a year ago. With Mrs. Henry A. Crawford she also won the doubles. At a tournament in Cleveland, Ohio, two years ago, she won the first prize for women.

"I do not say that whist playing is always bad," she stated, "but in general it appears to me that more evil than good comes from it. There is even more harm in dancing than in cards, and I shall do all in my power to discourage it as a form of social amusement."

been and tied your bootlace to mine, by mistake."

Young Harrington realized, as never before in his life, the absolute futility of human speech.

The Flapper bent again and fumbled. "Can't you do it?" demanded young Harrington, almost savagely.

"It's very hard," panted the girl, raising a flushed face. "It's what my sailor-cousin called 'a true-lover's knot,' and I seem to have lost the trick of it."

"This'll do it," he said, and, with a glance of purpose, brought out a business-like looking pocket knife.

The Flapper gave a little scream and clutched it.

"Oh, no!" she remonstrated excitedly. "Not that! I'm very superstitious," she explained. "And to cut a bootlace means—means a murder in the house!"

"Oh, does it?" he growled. "I almost wish—"

"What?"

"I almost wish you weren't superstitious, of course," he said desperately.

Would the girl keep him in this ridiculous position until dinner time? He chafed. Worst of all, was Hazel to come in and find him still here? It was unbearable! For what seemed hours he stood, inwardly raging, while that odious and detestable child fidgeted and sighed over the lace—At last!

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "that's done it! I remembered the trick—I'm so sorry, Mr. Harrington—"

"I'm so sorry, Mr. Harrington!" Her speech was echoed by Hazel, who fluttered in as her sister rose to her feet.

"Oh, I am so sorry! It wasn't my fault—a little boy I met in the lane—he'd lost his way"—she was the picture of pink-cheeked penitence, and altogether adorable—"and I took him home—and then it was the wrong address, and it took us hours to find the right one. Oh—she lifted bewitching, troubled eyes—"I thought I'd never be back!"

"I thought so," responded Ted Harrington, seemingly unconscious that he was still holding her hand.

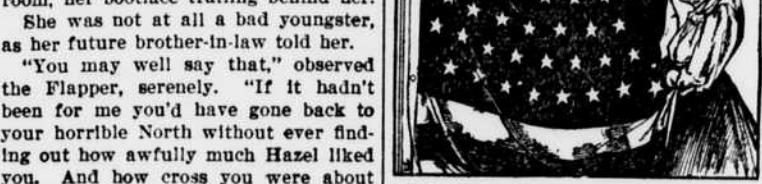
She murmured, "It was good of you to wait so long—"

"You're worth waiting for longer than that," he declared, and the Flapper, remarking aloud to no one in particular that she must see about some fresh tea, plunged out of the drawing room, her bootlace trailing behind her.

She was not at all a bad youngster, as her future brother-in-law told her.

"You may well say that," observed the Flapper, serenely. "If it hadn't been for me you'd have gone back to your horrible North without ever finding out how awfully much Hazel liked you. And how cross you were about that knot! Any one would have thought," she wound up, with righteous indignation, "that I had tied you up on purpose!"—Philadelphia Telegraph.

NEW STAR ON THE FLAG.



The War Department has ordered the alteration of the flag made necessary by the admission of Oklahoma into the Union, now an aggregation of forty-six States. The department has also fixed on the spot for the new star, and now flagmakers are hard at work preparing new banners with an additional star in the lower right-hand corner. It is now in order for every patriotic American either to provide himself with a new flag or to add a star to the old one.

An Anti-Third Term.

Judge—You've got a bad record. You've already served two terms in the penitentiary. What have you got to say why sentence should not be passed upon you?

Prisoner—My constitutional rights, judge. It's the unwritten law that no man should have a third term.—Kansas City Times.

Beware of the man who never misses an opportunity to say that there isn't money enough in circulation to buy him. Sooner or later you will find him on the bargain counter.

Nine out of ten budding geniuses fail to bloom.

HOW DO YOU SAY THEM?

Names of Cities Pronounced Differently as Positions Change.

Prof. Hart, in his interesting article on Oklahoma, admonished his New England readers that it is pronounced Oak, not Oklahoma, says the Boston Transcript. Prof. Hart did well, as an editorial paragraph of the same issue thereby noted. The same paragraph commented on other pronunciations of places, used by their residents that are quite different from our usage. The editorial notes Iowa, Virginia and Oregon among other names not pronounced here as at home. Then there is Ohio, which the native jerks out "Uh-huh," disregarding our solemn "Oh-hi-oh." We and the gazetteers say "New Or-leans," accent on the "Or." Down there they stress the last syllable and call it "leens." Omaha is "Omahaw," not "Omahah." Las Vegas is "Las Vayas." Missouri is "Mizzoura." You are more likely to hear "Coloraydo" than "Colorado" in that State. Spokane is as if there was no "e" in it. Manitoba is accented on the penult, not the ultimate. Quincy (Ill.) is not "Quinzy." Galveston stresses the "yes" rather than the "Gal." "Terra Hut," the natives call it.

More say "Loosiana" than "Loueziana," "Tucson" is "Toosoon," accent on the ultimate, and so on. You have perhaps heard of the Frenchman who came to America to see the city of Winona, Minn., attracted by its beautiful name, which he pronounced "Weenonah." Landing at New York, he scarcely gave any attention to the metropolis, but pushed on to the west. Chicago was seen only in changing cars, and as the train glided along the Mississippi and approached what is a beautiful city, surrounded by the rich verdure and romantic bluffs of the upper Mississippi, the Frenchman was enchanted. The train slowed up before stopping at the station, the Frenchman half rose from his seat in feverish anticipation, when the brakeman opened the door and yelled "Weinony!" The Frenchman collapsed in his seat heart-broken, and did not leave the train at Winona.

"What queer pronunciations!" exclaimed my New England readers. Indeed! Here I tell my neighbor, an Iowa man, take his pen in hand and put in type the glowing words he has often emitted in my presence. This is what he says:

"Yes, I am from Iowa and I never heard any other than the pronunciation 'I-o-wa' (accent on the first syllable) until I came east. Oh, yes; occasionally the older and more rural people would call it 'I-o-way,' which is really the original Indian pronunciation. But this 'I-oh-a' was unknown to Lowndes or anybody else in the Hawk-eye State. Yet no one here calls it anything else. When I go to register and I am asked where I was born, the solemn clerk puts it down Ireland and asks if I have my naturalization papers. Now, how do you folks get such a pronunciation? It isn't found in any cyclopedia or gazetteer that I ever saw. Nor do your own pronunciations convince me. Why on earth do you say 'Quinzy' when the syllable begins with a 'c,' never pronounced other than 's' or 'K'? Why do you say 'Waltham' and 'Wrentham' and slam out that 'tham' roundly? Used to those pronunciations and the dwelling on the last syllable in Newburyport, etc., I once innocently pronounced the name of that Cape Cod town as it is spelled, 'Barnstable,' thinking stable as good a word as barn and as well worth dwelling on, and the office roared at me. Why say 'Wooburn' when you spell it Woburn? But worst of all is that pretty little Middlesex town, whose name I rather liked until I heard it over and over again blared out 'Bill Ricker.'"

I am afraid my Iowan's case is a desperate one. But I confess some sympathy for him, don't you?

How He Did It.

"The real hero of the fire was little Crimmins. Did you see him run into the blazing house and carry out the stout lady?"

"Yes. I can't imagine how he developed the strength."

"Why, he lived in the suburbs a dozen years or more and worked up his muscle carrying home packages at night."—Washington Herald.

Placing the Blame.

Mother—Aren't you ashamed to be caught stealing the jam?

Willie—No, ma'am; I ain't got any reason to be ashamed of anything that ain't my fault.

Mother—Not your fault?

Willie—No; it's your fault that I got caught.—Philadelphia Press.

Relics Made to Order.

"Yes, sir, this is the place where the battle was fought."

"Have you any relics of it?"

"Yes, sir. John, mold the gentleman about twenty bullets an' tell the blacksmith to hammer out a bayonet—quick!"—Atlanta Constitution.

He Had the 9.

Yeast—The population of the United States on Sept. 1 was estimated by the Treasury Department at 84,897,000, and the money in circulation per capita \$32.59.

Crimsonbeak—Wonder where my \$32.50 is?—Yonkers Statesman.

David said in his haste that all men were liars. It would have sounded better had he taken time to say that they were diplomats—and it would have amounted to the same.

Before calling a man a liar be sure you are right—then don't.

PE-RU-NA A MEDICAL COMPOUND

In any medical compound as much depends upon the manner in which it is compounded as upon the ingredients used.

First, there must be a due proportion of the ingredients. Each drug in the pharmacopeia has its special action. To combine any drug with other drugs that have slightly different action, the combination must be made with strict reference to the use for which the compound is intended. The drugs may be well selected as to their efficacy, but the compound ENTIRELY SPOILED BY THE PROPORTION in which they are combined.

It takes years and years of experience to discover this proportion. There is no law of chemistry, of pharmacy, by which the exact balance of proportion can be determined. EXPERIENCE IS THE ONLY GUIDE.

In compounding a catarrh remedy Dr. Hartman has had many years' experience. In the use of the various ingredients which compose the catarrh remedy, Peruna, he has learned, little by little, how to harmonize the action of each ingredient, how to combine them into a stable compound, how to arrange them into such nice proportions as to blend the taste, the operation and the chemical peculiarities of each several ingredient in order to produce a pharmaceutical product beyond the criticism of doctors, pharmacists or chemists.

WE REPEAT THAT, AS MUCH DEPENDS ON THE WAY IN WHICH THE DRUGS ARE COMBINED AS DEPENDS UPON THE DRUGS THEMSELVES.

The compound must present a stability which is not affected by changes of temperature, not affected by exposure to the air, not affected by age. It must be so combined that it will remain just the same, whether used in the logging or mining camps of the northwest or the coffee plantations of the tropics.

A complete list of the ingredients of Peruna would not enable any druggist or physician to reproduce Peruna. It is the skill and sagacity by which these ingredients are brought together that give Peruna much of its peculiar claims as an efficacious catarrh remedy.

However much virtue each ingredient of Peruna may possess, the value of the compound depends largely upon the manner and proportion in which they are combined. The right ingredients, put together rightly, is the only way a medical compound can be made of real value.

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Men's Shoes, \$3 to \$1.50. Boys' Shoes, \$3 to \$1.25. Women's

Shoes, \$4 to \$1.50. Misses' & Children's Shoes, \$2.25 to \$1.00.

W. L. Douglas shoes are recognized by expert judges of footwear

to be the best in style, fit and wear produced in this country. Each

part of the shoe and every detail of the making is looked after

and watched over by skilled shoemakers, without regard to

time or cost. If I could take you into my large factories at

Brockton, Mass., and show you how carefully W. L. Douglas

shoes are made, you would then understand why they hold their shape, fit better,

wear longer, and are of greater value than any other makes.

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prices and inferior shoes. Take No Substitute. Sold by the best shoe dealers everywhere.

Fast Color Eyelets used exclusively. Catalog mailed free. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.



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Leadville, Colorado. Specimen Prices:
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SIGN OF THE FISH

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gether with many other handsome articles

for the home. Agents write also—new

proposition. Chas. J. Meyers & Co.,

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SPICES AND CONDIMENTS

CLOSET & DRESSERS

PORTLAND, ORE.

Send for new circular

for circular

Keep this for reference.

S N U No. 13-1907

WHEN writing to advertisers please

mention this paper.

TRUMPET CALLS.

Ram's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unredeemed.

YOU can always

take his word who

fully takes God at

His word.

Your pride may

keep you warm,

but it has a chill-

ing effect on the

world.

The straightest

path to Jerusalem is the one that takes

you to the Samaritan.

Selfishness is moral dry rot.

A good purpose is a great power.

The divine heart despises no love.

Seediness is not the sign of a saint.

Helpfulness is the Gospel of Christ.

Love's losses are often life's gains.

Nothing is holy unless all things are.

The Christian man, as such, must

enter politics, or the world will die.

Moral power affects the world, far

less by what it does, than by what it is.

The boys follow not the drunkard

but the moderate drinker into the sa-

loon.

He who sends affliction, sends always

the way of escape; not from it, but

through it.

LIKE THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

Oxen Used as Beasts of Burden by

Kansas Farmer.

The use of oxen for pulling plows to

break up the prairie sod appears like

getting back to first principles, but this

is what is being done by one Finney

County farmer, George Estes, who lives

some miles north of Garden City. Al-

most any fair day the traveler along

the road can see from one to a half-

dozen yoke of oxen on this farm hitch-

ed to as many plows, plodding patient-

ly across a field, half sod, half fur-

rowed says the Kansas City Star cor-

respondent at Garden City, Kan. A

quarter of a century ago it was no

unusual thing to see a yoke of oxen

pulling a load or hitched to a plow,

but the sight is so unusual now that

it attracts a great deal of attention.

Last fall Mr. Estes decided to break

up a large tract of sod and the ques-

tion of the cheapest means to be em-

ployed in doing the work came up.

Steam and gasoline engines were used

by some farmers for drawing plows,

but these were expensive and require

considerable attention. Horses were

bringing big prices on the market and

mules were not among the samples

on the bargain counter.

Enough mules to run the number of

plows Mr. Estes wished to use would

buy a large farm in the ungrigated

part of the county and he considered

the investment too heavy. Then the

idea of working oxen came to him and

the more he thought of the plan the

more feasible it seemed. Oxen had

been used in breaking the prairie in

the early days and he determined to

try it again.

He had a local blacksmith make the

yokes and a local hardware man se-

cured the bows for them. He has

broken some cattle of his herd for the

work and the experiment promises to

be a success. When he completes the

breaking of his sod land he is plan-

ning to use the oxen for other work,

in which he believes he will find them

fully as valuable. One of the uses to

which he will put them will be the

drawing of the heavy beet wagons in

the fall and winter during the beet-

slicing season at the sugar factory.

Old-timers in the county say that it

has been twenty-three years since oxen

have been used as draft animals and

the sight of the ox yokes in the black-

smith shop brought forth a number of

interesting reminiscences of early-day

farming.

Advertising Hint.

"Inventors would get jobs of free

advertising if they would give to their

inventions names rhyming with some

one or other of our rhymeless words,"

said the fantastic girl.

"Take the word 'silver.' It has no

rhyme. It is a stumbling block to ev-

ery poet. The poet uses it at a line's

end, and then has to destroy the line

because there is no rhyme for it. Sup-

pose, as he sought frantically, an in-

vention called the 'divler' appeared.

Then, in order not to lose his line, the

poet would drag in the new invention,

thus giving it an 'ad' worth \$5 or \$10,

an 'ad' like this:

The Moonlit sea, a sea of silver,

As perfect as a perfect divler.

"Do you catch the idea? Let our in-

ventors exercise their best talent, call-

ing a new aeroplane a 'wolf' to rhyme

with 'coif,' a new soundless typewriter

a 'gorange,' to rhyme with 'orange,' a

home ice-making machine a 'kulf,' to

rhyme with 'gulf,' and so on."

OLD Favorites

I remember.

I remember, I remember

The house where I was born,

The little window where the sun

Came peeping in at morn,

He never came a wink too soon,

Nor brought too long a day;

But now I often wish the night

Had borne me breath away!

I remember, I remember

The roses, red and white,

The violets and the lilacs—

Those flowers made of light!

The lilacs where the robin built,

And where my brother sat

The laburnum on his birthday—

The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember

Where I was used to swing,

And though the air must rush as fresh

To swallows on the wing,

My spirit flew in feathers then,

That is so heavy now.

And summer pools could hardly cool

The fever on my brow.

I remember, I remember

The fir-trees dark and high;

I used to think their slender tops

Were close against the sky.

It was a childish ignorance,

But now 'tis little joy

To know I'm further off from heaven

Than when I was a boy.

—Thomas Hood.

Two Kinds of People.

No; the two kinds of people on earth I

mean.

Are the people who lift, and the people

who lean.

Wherever you go, you will find the world's

masses

Are always divided in just these two

classes.

And oddly enough, you will find, too, I

mean.

There is only one lifter to twenty who

lean.

In which class are you? Are you easing

the load

Of overtaxed lifters who toil down the

road?

Or are you a leaner, who lets other bear

Your portion of labor and worry and

care?

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

PECULIAR MOTOR CAR.

Built For One Passenger Only, Who

Steers With His Feet.

The illustration below shows a new

type of motor car that should in the

near future have many supporters. It

is a foreign invention, and on account

of its peculiar construction attracts at-

tention immediately. In size it is about

as small as a motor car can be made,

there being seating capacity for only

one passenger. There is also a total

absence of complicated steering ap-

paratus. The operating motor is placed

immediately in front of the rider. One

lever is sufficient to regulate the speed

and is placed in close proximity to the</

ALASKA SENTINEL

THURSDAY, MAY 2, 1907.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
A. V. R. SNYDER & SON

GEORGE C. L. SNYDER
MANAGER

Entered November 20, 1902, at the U. S. Postoffice in Wrangell, Alaska, as mail matter of the second class, according to the act of congress, March 3, 1879.

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Display, per inch " " 1 00
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Cards of thanks, obituaries, etc., sent in for publication will be charged for at the rate of 10 cents per line.

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This office is equipped for all classes of commercial job printing, and reasonable prices will be furnished upon application.

THE PEOPLE'S PRESIDENT

Another New York millionaire, one Perry Belmont, has voiced his animosity to President Roosevelt, intimating that the people at large have an exaggerated impression of Roosevelt's virtues and that the president's reform methods are merely the demonstration of a very clever type of politics. The course of reasoning is in harmony with that propounded by E. H. Harriman and will be recognized by the people as an angry protest against interference with a system that has hitherto enjoyed absolute immunity from investigation.

No better evidence of President Roosevelt's advocacy of the people's cause need be offered than is presented in the obvious irritation and discomfort of men of the Belmont and Harriman stamp. If they and others of their ilk failed to abuse and vilify the administration, the situation would be an anomalous one and it may well be considered singular if an organized conspiracy against the president and his policies does not exist at the present time. To question the probability of such a condition is to discredit the virility and vigilance of a power that in the past has permitted neither code of morals nor threat of retribution to conflict with its set plan of aggrandizement. As a matter of fact a similar conspiracy did exist in the winter of 1903 and 1904 and still persisted in its course during the spring of the latter year. It was promoted and abetted, too, by practically the same influences that are now under suspicion and its headquarters were New York.

The country was secretly but actively canvassed. Funds for the expenses were lavishly disbursed and experienced politicians manipulated the wires. The hope of the conspirators seems to have been centered in Mark Hanna, the impression prevailing that he was the power behind the throne. Hanna was undoubtedly aware of the movement, but whether he sanctioned it or not is a question. At all events the scheme failed. It was bound to fail. It was aimed not only at the president but at the public welfare and did not long survive the ventilation it received through the press. The president was master of the situation, and when the conspirators recognized their impotence against the popular demand, they permitted the scheme to evaporate.

The only difference between the former situation and the present one is that Mr. Roosevelt was then an avowed candidate to succeed himself. So far as his declaration to not become a candidate applies, the field for the next campaign on the republican side is open and the friends of several prominent party leaders are active in behalf of their respective favorites. However, the policies for which Mr. Roosevelt stands—and particularly his railroad policies—are receiving the

heartiest indorsement of the people, which is signal evidence that talk about reaction is sheer nonsense. The character of the opposition to Mr. Roosevelt is clearly understood throughout the country and its motive is too obvious to require explanation by alleged drunken bachelors, by Mr. Belmont or by any other exponents of the combined money power. With voters, regardless of party affiliation, declaring their approval of the president's course, the reactionary element will do well to restrain its wrath and pray fervently lest its cup prove far more bitter than present contemplation can realize.

ARE ALL AMERICANS

The Wrangell correspondent to the Ketchikan Miner seems to have had something hurting him when he sent in his installment of news for last week's issue, and took advantage of a splendid opportunity of venting a feeling of petty jealousy against the Wrangell council. He says:

"It has been rumored that Wrangell is to be annexed to Canada in the near future. Of the seven councilmen elected, six were former Canadians. There was a slight mistake in the formation of the ticket—hence the one American."

This same thing has been remarked as a coincidence, and in a joking way, several times since the election, and on election day the "Canadian Ticket" was referred to good naturedly. But there is a taste of sarcasm about the Miner's item, which is very easy to understand when a fact or two are taken into consideration.

Not only that one item, but the entire column (as well as previous correspondence) bears the earmark of a certain Wrangellite who suffered the humiliation of having some very fond ambitions crushed on the same day the "Canadians" were entrusted with the administration of the town's business.

As to the nationality of the men who compose the Wrangell council, we will simply offer the remark that this country would be greatly benefitted both by the importation of many more "foreigners" of the same class as those of whom our council is composed, and the deportation of a few—praise Heaven, they are few—envious native-born Americans, who have no more stamina than to hide behind the mask of anonymity to throw such sarcastic missiles as that directed at the Wrangell council by the Miner correspondent.

A prominent mail order store recently discontinued its grocery department "because its maintenance has been made impractical by the pure food laws just passed." An exchange makes the following comment: "That is a pretty confession, isn't it? And all this time Sears, Roebuck & Co. have been killing out local merchants ohly because they were able by means of their rotten, cheap, adulterated stuff to undersell him in the local market. Not only the local merchant has been the loser; the mail order patron has been the worst benighted in every deal. The mail order houses have made a practice of selling impure foods. They are all alike with all their articles. Grocery adulteration is not the only thing, there is also clothing adulteration, furniture adulteration; implement adulteration: That is how they live."

One change that should be made in the Alaskan laws is that which relates to the punishment of vagrancy and the care of the indigent poor. As the law now stands, if a person becomes sick and exhausts their finances in any Alaskan com-

munity where there is no charity hospital, the only way in which he can hope for attendance at public expense is to cast himself before the authorities as a vagrant. No provision is made for the care of indigent and helpless poor, and thus misfortune must be punished the same as crime.

The president tells school children that in helping to preserve the forests they are acting the part of good citizens. A word of commendation to the child that will help to grub the stumps, burn the brush and assist in cleaning up some of the forests of underbrush, also, would not be out of place.

That treacherous rock which lurks just deep enough under the waters of Etolin Bay to threaten damage to small craft, and possible loss of life, is an fine (?) monument to somebody's indifference and carelessness. Whose?

It would cost less to build that walk this year than it will five or six years hence. The price of lumber and labor steadily advances.

We have been enjoying beautiful weather—just the kind best suited for townsites surveys, straightening streets, sidewalks, fences, etc.

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In Spring and Summer

The man of business must be dressed in a neatly-made, well-fitting suit of clothes. From the 400 fabrics which I have to choose from, you can be sure of getting something to please you, and a perfect, lasting fit is guaranteed.



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ARE YOU LOOKING FOR A HOME?

If you are, here are some facts which will be interesting to you: Situated 700 miles from Seattle, on the regular steamship route, is the little city of

WRANGELL ALASKA

Surrounded by natural advantages and inducements for settlers. The fare for first class passage on any steamer from Seattle is \$22. The scenery enroute is the most beautiful to be found until you reach Alaska, whose mountains, glaciers, cascades, etc., combine in forming one vast panorama of marvelous grandeur.

FINEST OF CLIMATES

The climate of southeastern Alaska ranges from zero in winter to 90 degrees above in summer, the warm Japan current keeping the temperature up in winter, and the cooling north wind tempering the heated portion of the year. Flowers, vegetable and berries grow in abundance. Wild berries in lavish profusion.

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Upwards of a hundred trappers make this place their winter headquarters, and many thousands of dollars' worth of furs are shipped annually.

Deer, bear, duck, geese, etc., abound in such numbers as to make this section a veritable paradise for sportsmen, while caribou, moose, sheep and goats attract hunters from various parts of the globe to the Cassiar hunting grounds up the Stikine River, on which the Hudson's Bay Co. operates an elegant fleet of steamers.

Two Public Schools

For further information write to any merchant who care enough for the town to advertise in their home newspaper, or to

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CHAMBER OF COM'CE
WRANGELL, ALASKA